

Jill remembers her father and Warehouse City, an e-mail from August 11, 2017

Hi everyone,

I'm thinking of my Dad today. I am happy about yesterday's Warehouse City sale for many reasons. It's a big deal to me that I think Dad would like the people who bought it. They're young, entrepreneurial, and recognize the good care of the buildings and grounds, and see potential.

Warehouse City has been part of my life since I was little. On Saturdays Dad, the two dogs - Nick and Happi - and I would go to Grandma Rose's on the corner of 3rd and D. We'd take her grocery shopping at both Kroger's ("Krueger's" with a guttural G if your first language is Yiddish) and Standard, both near where the mall is today. But first we'd drive through downtown Marion to Warehouse City, near the cemetery.

Sometimes we'd just drive through the site of buildings in their various states of decrepitude. Later, when newer buildings existed, we'd walk around. Dad was proud of the buildings: of their layouts, sprinkler systems, flexibility, and well maintained grounds.

I was vaguely aware that our route through downtown was by design. Dad owned property that housed Osco Drug downtown, Pershing's garden and pet store around the corner with its wonderful aromas of turf and seed and sounds of chirping birds. Whenever we stopped in those stores Dad got a big greeting. "Well hello, Mr. Maidenberg! How are you today?" His tenants really liked him.

I wish I'd had the foresight to pay more attention as we toured Warehouse City. I wish I'd understood that this seeming jumble of industrial buildings represented the best of Dad. He loved his work. He loved planning a building's design on graph paper, seeing it through completion, buying flats of petunias from Pershing's for the exteriors. He loved this process and he loved improving Marion.

I believe that part of Dad's business success came from my mom Nanette. They talked a lot about Dad's business. Nanette, daughter of a respected businessman, no doubt helped polish him up. He respected her opinions and sought her advice.

We know Dad was twice lucky and happy in love. Though Joyce and Dad did not discuss his business. She firmly felt that Dad's office was his domain, and the house hers.

Dad was not looking to hire when Judy, recently back from years in Maryland, walked in for an informational interview. Several conversations later he hired her. No doubt for her smarts, business ethics and good instincts, but also because he liked talking business with a woman.

As David says, the sale of Warehouse City is a family milestone. I too raise my glass to toast to Dad and to his ability to see what others didn't, to his foresight in hiring Judy, and to Judy, who has honored Dad's vision, and managed the business through tremendously stressful times.

Love, Jill

P.S. I was looking through the book from Dad's 80th birthday in 1994 and came across this letter from Morrie Engel who worked for Dad for 25 years. I think on this occasion it makes sense to revisit Morrie's words about Dad, as to me it says much about Dad's way of doing business and living his life:

One day, several years ago, Mr. Maidenberg told me to clean up around the Old Shoe Factory and the Waterfront building. Mr. Maidenberg had acquired several pieces of stainless steel equipment from Marion General Hospital and it was stacked outside of the Waterfront building. I looked it over and decided it was junk. I called Mr. Maidenberg and asked him what he wanted me to do with all the junk. Mr. Maidenberg informed me he would be right down to take a look at the equipment. He was there in less than five minutes. His first words were, "Show me a piece of junk." To make a long story short, we used every piece of the stainless steel. Some of it is still in use at the Nobby Restaurant. Just one of the memories of 25 years working for Mr. Maidenberg.

Also, one fall during those 25 years, I was winterizing all of the empty buildings. I had finished everything but Jim Leffler's office building. I went in and put anti-freeze in everything but the boiler. I don't know how I forgot the boiler, but I did. A week or two later we had a real hard freeze. I went around checking the buildings and found the boiler in the Leffler building had burst. It was the first time I had let anything like that happen. I sure hated to tell Mr. Maidenberg, but when I did, Mr. Maidenberg asked me if we had another boiler we could put in the building and I

told him we did I had another boiler put in and it was never mentioned again. Just another one of my memories and the moral of this story is “He’s a pretty nice guy.”